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FILED IN THE  
UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
DISTRICT OF HAWAII

JUL 03 2006  
at 10 o'clock and 2 min. 10 sec.  
SUE BEITIA, CLERK

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT

FOR THE DISTRICT OF HAWAII

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,	)	CR. NO. 04-00399 DAE
	)	
Plaintiff,	)	
vs.	)	DEFENDANT MOSES KIAKONA'S
	)	LETTER TO THE COURT;
MOSES KIAKONA,	)	CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE
	)	
Defendant.	)	
-----	)	

DEFENDANT MOSES KIAKONA'S LETTER TO THE COURT

COMES NOW Defendant, MOSES KIAKONA, by and through his counsel, PAMELA O'LEARY TOWER, and hereby submits his letter to the court in support of his sentencing.

DATED: Honolulu, Hawaii, July 3, 2006.

  
PAMELA O'LEARY TOWER  
Attorney for MOSES KIAKONA

Moses Kiakona  
Inmate # 95305-022  
FDC Honolulu  
PO Box 30080  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96820

Honorable Judge Ezra  
United States District Court  
State Of Hawaii  
300 Ala Moana Blvd.  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96850

Dear Honorable Judge Ezra,

My name is Moses Kiakona. I am the youngest of four children. My oldest sister is Jean Ideoka, followed by my brother George Okamura, and lastly my brother James Kiakona. My mother Lorraine Keahi Lives and takes care of my grandmothers house because she is unable to get a job because of her disability. She had a stroke in 1997. She also takes care of my brother James. James had a stroke in 2003 brought on by his use of "ICE". My father Kimo Kiakona passed away in 1997.

I am married to Nikki Kiakona. We have 2 children together, both girls. My oldest daughter Kahiau, is seven years old. My youngest Hailani is five. I also have an eleven year old son that I had with another woman, Olena Sarasin. My son Paele is with my wife Nikki. I gave custody of him to my wife because she is an awesome mother. because of Nikki my son speaks fluent Hawaiian. If it weren't for Nikki I would have no idea what my son would be like, or where he would be.

As for my self, all that I can say is that I am ashamed of myself and of my actions. I am truly sorry for getting involved with dealing drugs, for the pain I have caused, and for contributing to our drug epidemic.

I selfishly got caught up in trying to be successful. I just didn't want my children to have a life like my brother James and myself had.

I know that my father loved my brother and I. I think that he was always stressed. Maybe it was because of the divorce with my mother, on-top of being homeless. Maybe it was because of the stress of raising my brother and I. We were raised in a Ford truck, my father always trying to find a suitable beach or parking lot for us to sleep in every night after working all day.

Although my brother and I never did very well in school we always loved going. School was the only place that we could be kids, the only place that we felt safe. School was the only place that we could escape from the pressures of living on egg-shells at home. My brother and I were always afraid that if things weren't done right, or if we answered my father in the wrong tone, we would get beaten, or thrown across the back of the truck, or hit with a cast-iron frying pan. I remember seeing my brother crawl to the other side of the truck to catch his breath, because if my father saw him cry things would only get worse. I remember seeing the side of the apartment building get splattered from shotgun pellets after it slammed into my brothers head, because my father had mis-judged the length of it. I could go on and on telling you reasons that we loved going to school, but mostly it was because it was the only place that we didn't live in fear.

All that I wanted was a good life for my family and for myself. I wanted to give my children everything that I never had growing up. I wanted to give them a home that they could be safe in. A bed that the could lay their heads in. I didn't want them to ever know what it was like to squeeze into the back of a truck to sleep at night. I don't want them to ever know what it is like not to have a place to go home to.

I guess that all that I really wanted was to be loved by my children and to be able to love them in return. I love them with everything that I have. I would coach football because my son was playing Jr. Peewee, just so that I could spend time with

him and watch him excel. Then on the off season I would coach canoeing. My son won his first two races of the season this year. I loved spending time with them. I guess that is why my children are having a really hard time now that I am gone. I know that I have let them down and there is nothing that I regret more then making the mistakes that have taken me away from them.

It seemed like for awhile , that everything that I dreamed of was coming true. It seemed that everything that I wanted to provide my family with was happening. Deep inside myself I knew though that all that I had came from blood money. I knew that karma was never was going to let me go.

Thats when things started to get really bad. It all started with my brother James having a major stroke. His addiction to ICE had turned his heart into that of an 80 year-old. To relieve some of the stress from his heart the doctors started him on blood thinners. The blood thinners loosened some of the clots, but then started clogging the arteries that led to his brain. He started to loose control of the whole right side of his body, his face drooped, and he couldn't control the saliva coming from his mouth. He started crying because he was afraid of what was happening to him. He was afraid of the tests that they were running on him. I prayed every night for him to get better, and god answered my prayer's. God brought him back home to me. My wife and I nursed him back to health, almost back to 100 percent, physically.

His addiction to ICE and the stroke had done too much damage to his brain, he couldn't reason anymore. He couldn't reason that if he went back to smoking ICE he was going to die, because he went right back to smoking. It was like that was the only thing that he knew and wanted. He is still smoking ICE. Sometimes I think that I will never see him alive again.

After seeing my brother on his death-bed I knew that I couldn't do the things

quit dealing drugs. I was just about to stop when I landed in this consperacy.

Now I am in here awaiting sentencing. I have seen that things were the same around the State, it was almost the same with other families. ICE was causing people to die, causing families to loose the ones that they loved because of addiction. I had no idea that the problem was as big as it was. I did not realize that something like this could affect so many others. I have only realized the extent of my mistakes while being in here. At first I was mad but then I realized that I was a part of all these problems, that I was responsible for causing pain to so many others. I am no longer mad. I am ashamed of the part that I have taken in helping to ruin other peoples lives with the things that I have done. I am ashamed of the part I have taken in destroying other families.

As for my punishment on sentencing day, I am prepared. I believe that what I will be getting is what I deserve. I have been humbled by this experience. I am determined to make the best of whatever you give me. I will work very hard on dealing with my anger. I will work hard on getting the education I need to ensure I can contribute to my community when I am released. I am going to learn a trade, I have been looking at the programs that are offered and look forward to getting a good job when I get out.

All that I can hope for is that I will be released in time to see my children graduate, maybe to see my daughters play high-school sports. All I can hope for is to be released in time to be a father before they grow too old, the father that they deserve. I just want to be there for them emotionally and physically, so that they don't end up like I did. There is no better person for this then their father. If given this chance I can promise you I won't fail. I will never take this road again. I will never take my freedom for granted, and I will never disappoint my family again. I can promise you this because I have promised myself.

Being incarcerated for these last twenty two months has been a wake up call for me. I have never realized to what extent the methamphetamine epidemic has affected this country, or this state. I am deeply ashamed of what I have done, of the way that I contributed to the spread of this problem. I have vowed to myself that no matter what happens I will use my story to help others. I will use my story to deter anyone from following in my path. I will use my story to hopefully save others before their addiction destroys their families and them.

Your honor, I hope that you can see that I am changing, that I want to redeem myself. I regret the decisions that I have made up till this point in my life. I realize that I can never take back what I have done. The only thing I can do is ask for forgiveness, and another chance. I pray that you give me that chance to redeem myself. I thank you for taking the time to hear my piece. Thank you, and god bless.

Sincerely,



CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

I hereby certify that a true and exact copy of *Defendant 'Moses Kiakona's Letter to the Court* was duly served on the following parties by U.S. Mail, Facsimile or hand-delivery on July 3, 2006.

**U.S. Mail    Fax    Hand-Delivery**

FLORENCE NAKAKUNI X  
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DATED: Honolulu, Hawaii, July 3, 2006.

PAMELA O'LEARY TOWER  
Attorney for MOSES KIAKONA